

A
 Short Reply
 TO THE
 AUTHOR
 OF THE
 WHIGS REJOINDER, &c.

30. Aug. 1682. A tory King.

WHAT ails this peevish Arse-worm? what's the matter
 That makes this snarling Cur keep such a Clatter?
 Poor famish'd Whelp! fling him a Ven'son bone,
 'Tis that he wants, to cease his yelping tone.
 Perhaps the Royal-Pastry did n't agree
 With him, being Pepper'd with True-Loyalty,
 Or else it smelt too hot of Popery.

Away, thou Coxcomb, with thy riff-raff stuff,
 One pauletry Poem sure, had been enough,
 On the same subject; for indeed I fear
 You'll want this penny-worth of Wit next year.
 Never were Mortals poster'd thus, but we,
 With Bumbast-Nonsense, Limping-Poetry.
 Thou silly prating Whig to write such Verse,
 Not good enough to wipe a Tories Aſſ—
 Sure thou wert drunk (or like a snoaring Sow)
 When you this Nonsense made, I know not how:
 Nay fitter to be burnt than put in Print,
 I would make better, else the Devils in't.
 Well maist thou boast of thy quick-Wit, I think
 Such Rhimes as these flow'd faster than thy Ink.
 A Pregnant Lad, I faith, whose Past-board Scull,
 With damnid Sedition being cram'd quite full,
 At the least motion straightway overflows,
 That Veries drop like Fat, from's very Nose.

Alas

Alas poor Whig ! who think it if thou but lap
 The pretious droppings of a Polish-cap,
 You're strait impit'd with such Poetick rage
 That can with Satyrs lash the wanton Age ;
 In truth it must be so, wh' has such a one
 For's *Phebus*, and such Drink for's *Helicon*.
 Whigs are but Pigmy-Poets, and do they
 Encounter Giant Tories in a fray ?
 Thou Clodpate, foppish Postaster, who
 Art the Goliab of the Canting-crew,
 Forbear your Babling, or you'll find, I say,
Tories can yrt more than a Verf a day.
 Dost think to scare us with an angry Frown,
 Or with thy Paper Pellets to knock us down ?
 In vain you waste your Venom and your Spight,
 Such Bugbear-words Us *Tories* can't afright,
 Those Dogs which bark so much, do very seldom bite.
 In spight of Hell, *Rome*, and *Geneva* too,
 In spight of all that Schismaticks can do,
 We will Address our Monarch *Charles* the Great,
 And lay our Lives beneath his Sacred feet.
 No fly Deceitful Whig, nor Presbyter,
 Nor lying *Curtis*, *Richard*, prating *Care*, *Languish Curtis*,
 Shall me deceive, nor fill my head with Stories, *Henry Care*.
 In praise of Whigs, and discommend the *Tories*.
Tories are Loyal, Whigs Disloyal are,
 As for Example, *Richard*, *Curtis*, *Care*.
 Therefore poor simple proud deceitfull Whig,
 I for thy snarling tricks care not a fig ;
 But hold thy Traitorous tongue and do not prate
 Lest I with Loyal Party break thy Pate ;
 For while thou dost mutter, I will sing,
Huzzab's and Songs to make the Skies to ring
 And Drink a Health to *Charles* our Noble King.

L O N D O N, Printed for C. B. 1782.